



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

and temperamentally antagonistic, shall be brought near by the man's understanding of the man's temptation, is the situation proposed and almost neglected. Delarey's death completes the drama of action with a neat artistic effect, but it leaves our deepest interest in the problem of character suspended.

On the whole, we think that in "The Call of the Blood" Mr. Hichens's aim as a romancer and his aim as a novelist were at odds. He found in the genius of the desert all the spiritual elements essential to his personal drama, and "The Garden of Allah" is complete both as a story of description and as a spiritual history. But Sicily was not a large enough field for the human drama which he set himself to work out there; and personally we are sorry that the human story was of less importance to him than the *genius loci*.

Mr. Hichens has a distinct philosophy of life which we are eager to see him work out in other novels, as he has worked it out in "The Garden of Allah." It is based on a perception equally acute for the physical and spiritual facts of life, a perception to which he owes the emotional realism of his art. It is of course easy to say that the body is the material out of which the soul is wrought; this is the bottom fact of our modern consciousness. But to realize this imaginatively is harder. As to the things of the body, the Anglo-Saxon has an instinctive reserve, and no matter how quick his intellectual perception of the facts may be, he can hardly speak without shame of those motives which are the substratum of our consciousness. Mr. Hichens's distinction lies in the fact that, while the physical world is intensely real to his imagination, he feels the physical facts of life always in their proper place, significant for what they mean in the human world of personality. They are the mysterious origin of something that is both beyond them and which masters them in the world of our sympathies and of our faith. We somehow feel that both his mysticism and his morality have a deep place in nature.

EDITH BAKER BROWN.

---

"PUCK OF POOK'S HILL."\*

THE best books in the world for children are the books that their elders can read. A very different opinion is held by many

\* "Puck of Pook's Hill." By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham, A.R.W.S. New York: Doubleday, Page, & Co.

makers of *juvenilia*. They proceed on the hypothesis that certain entirely arbitrary rules must be observed in writing for the young; the story must be framed with absolute simplicity, the domestic affections must, in one way or another, be introduced, and the heroics must be of the sort to persuade the reader that he himself might, in the same circumstances, achieve the same flamboyant triumph. The young football hero is perhaps the representative type in this field of literature. He is unendurable to the mature mind, and I wonder sometimes if he does not weary the small boy. But no really human small boy ever wearied of Andersen or Grimm, who also have their charm for every really human grown-up. There is no age at which it ceases to be a joy to read "The Rose and the Ring." Thackeray brought to the making of that little piece of enchantment the same genius, the same art, that he brought to the making of "Esmond" or "Barry Lyndon." If "Puck of Pook's Hill" is a delightful book, both for young readers and for old ones, it is because it is unmistakably the work of the author of "The Man Who Was" or "My Lord the Elephant." Mr. Kipling is as much the artist on this occasion as he has ever been; he gives as freely of his best in these tales, calculated to enrapture the nursery, as he has given in stories meant for men and women. This is to say that he has done what he has always done when he has been in the vein; he has made the figures in this book interesting, he has made them live.

There is nothing cleverer about "Puck of Pook's Hill" than its blending of what, in the absence of a better word, one must call instruction with sheer beguilement. To preach in a book for children is to do, from the standpoint of art, the unforgivable thing. *Juvenilia* with a purpose would be monstrous. In the last few years Mr. Kipling has preached, in verse and in prose, to an appalling extent, and I confess that as I first turned the pages of his latest volume I feared, for a moment, that he was going to preach again. The book threatened to have a purpose. But as I went on I saw that if the purpose was in the air at all it was to be left to take care of itself. There is no more effort here to point a moral than you will find in any book that is written for its own sake. The lesson, if it is there, lies in the very substance of the work, in the heart of the theme. Mr. Kipling loves his Britain, and has something like reverence for

the men who have made it. No doubt it would please him if English lads, reading his pages, came to love their country more, and to take a keener interest in its history. But he uses no urgings, realizing that he does not need to, realizing that all that is necessary to make his old England and his old Englishmen lovable and admirable is to let them speak for themselves. He recreates an ancient land, peoples it with human beings, and then, in a sense, stands aside. If he can foster patriotism so much the better, but the main point is to work the story-teller's spell.

The point is well illustrated in a passage, in one of these stories, which has already provoked some criticism. The hero of "A Centurion of the Thirtieth," which deals with Roman days in Britain, is explaining how he joined the army, and speaks as follows:

"I went to my Father, and said I should like to enter the Dacian Horse (I had seen some at *Aquæ Solis*); but he said I had better begin service in a regular Legion from Rome. Now, like many of our youngsters, I was not too fond of anything Roman. The Roman-born officers and magistrates looked down on us British-born as though we were barbarians. I told my Father so.

"'I know they do,' he said, 'but remember, after all, we are the people of the Old Stock, and our duty is to the Empire.'"

Separated from the context this suggests that Mr. Kipling is dragging into his romance the party cry which he has adopted in the politics of his own day. But it is important to note that the colloquy, in its proper place, is part and parcel of an old truth. It was natural for such men as Mr. Kipling brings into his story to talk as he makes them talk. It is his good fortune that they happen to feel as he himself feels to-day. In none of these tales are political ideas, or social ideas or any other ideas, incongruously interpolated. In each case the story is all of a piece, a vivid, essentially truthful picture.

Una and Dan, the two children to whom, through Puck's amiable offices, a vision of the past is granted, get their history as it were in the guise of experience. They set out to fish in the brook, and presently an old man in chain-mail comes riding toward them on a great gray horse. He tells them how he came over with William the Conqueror, and how he won his Manor. You might prove his case by the history books, but, as we listen

with Una and Dan, we scarce think of history, the glamour of adventurous romance is strong upon the page. The scene shifts again and again, following the varied inspiration foretold in Puck's song, the set of verses prefixed to the volume, from which I must take the following:

"See you the dimpled track that runs,  
All hollow through the wheat?  
O that was where they hauled the guns  
That smote King Philip's fleet.

"See you our little mill that clacks,  
So busy by the brook?  
She has ground her corn and paid her tax  
Ever since Domesday Book.

"See you our stilly woods of oak,  
And the dread ditch beside?  
O that was where the Saxons broke,  
On the day that Harold died.

"See you the windy levels spread  
About the gates of Rye?  
O that was where the Northmen fled,  
When Alfred's ships came by.

"See you our pastures wide and lone,  
Where the red oxen browse?  
O there was a City thronged and known,  
Ere London boasted a house.

"And see you, after the rain, the trace  
Of mound and ditch and wall?  
O that was a Legion's camping-place,  
When Cæsar sailed from Gaul."

It seems an easy task for Mr. Kipling to invent some new tale through which to make this or that epoch real and sometimes even thrilling. Hard reading has no doubt helped him, but once he has made himself familiar with characteristic traits and manners amongst his early Britons, he puts the latter through their paces as though they were just creatures of his fancy, men ready to do anything that his inventive faculty could suggest. In "The Knights of the Joyous Venture" he sends two valiant men of great William's time off upon a strange emprise into

far seas. In the next tale, "Old Men at Pevensy," the travellers, having returned with a store of gold, are entangled in the war-like politics of their day, and the treasure itself is by and by made the motive for still another fascinating narrative. In the story to which I have already alluded, "A Centurion of the Thirtieth," and two others called "On the Great Wall" and "The Winged Hats," we are taken back to the time of the Roman occupation and shown how the destiny of the land was an affair of the day's work — the work of grim fighting-men, very picturesque, sometimes stately, after an old Roman fashion, but, at bottom, men very like ourselves.

That is where Mr. Kipling makes sure of his reader. A wonder as of fairyland itself is always present, but so is a kind of human sympathy, the note that makes the most fantastic things credible and friendly. "Puck of Pook's Hill" is a book to which you make complete surrender, you lose yourself in the dim world it paints and are happy while you are lost. When, at last, the spell is broken, and you come back to every-day life, you bring with you a precious memory, and you feel, too, a peculiar gratitude for a special grace. Mr. Kipling has apparently passed through that political fever which for so long a time made him almost unreadable. His genius is restored to itself, and he writes as one would always have him write. For this reason alone I would rejoice in the new book. It is a brilliant performance, and it is a golden promise.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.